

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Rows of apple, plum and pear,
Vegetables as well were there,
Scrubbed and wiped, spotlessly clean,
Marrow, parsnip and runner bean.
Michaelmas daisy, chrysanthemum bright,
Bathed by golden Autumn light.
Gleaming blackberry, old man's beard,
Last wheat sheaf from harvest field.
Hazelnut and conker brown,
Gathered where they'd fallen down.

Sweet voices raised to Heaven above,
Thank the Lord for all his love
And all the gifts he did bestow,
Sent from Heaven to Earth below.
All around the classroom bright
Angels sing of their delight.
The children stand with eyes aglow
And view the harvest gifts on show,
Food for cattle, man and mouse,
Flowers to decorate the house.

Memories come flooding by,
Bring sadness and a tear to eye.
I remember all those years ago,
Sweet hymns and children all aglow.
When the World was new and we were young,
And life had only just begun.
If only we could go back there,
To those days of innocence, with no care.
When the World was magic, full of fun,
And we played happily beneath the Sun.